

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
 With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
 O wicked wit, and gifts that haue the power
 So to seduce; wonne to his shamefull lust
 The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene;
 O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there
 From me whose loue was of that dignitie
 That it went hand in hand, euen with the vow
 I made to her in marriage, and to decline
 Vpon a wretch whose naturall gifts were poore,
 To those of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be moued,
 Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of Heauen
 So but though to a radiant Angle linckt.
 Will sort it selfe in a celestiall bed
 And prey on garbage.
 But soft, me thinkes I scent the morning aire,
 Briefe let me be; sleeping within my Orchard,
 My custome alwaies of the afternoone,
 Vpon my secure houre, thy Vncle stole
 With iuice of cursed Hebona in a Viall,
 And in the porches of my eares did poure,
 The leprous distilment, whose effect
 Holds such an enmitie with bloud of man,
 That swift as Quick-siluer it courses through
 The naturall gates and allies of the bodie,
 And with a sodaine vigour it doth possesse
 And curde like eager droppings into milke,
 The thinne and wholesome bloud; so did it mine,
 And a most instant Tetter barked about
 Most Lazerlike with vile and lothsome crust
 All my smooth bodie.
 Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand,
 Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht,
 Cut off euen in the blossomes of my sinne,
 Vnnuzled, disappointed, vn-anueld,
 No reckning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head,
 O horrible, O horrible, most horrible.
 If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,

Let

Prince of Denmarke

Let not the Royall bed of Denmarke
 A Couch for Luxurie and damned
 But howsomeuer thou pursues this
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy so
 Against thy mother ought, leaue
 And to those thornes that in her
 To prick and sting her: fare thee well
 The Gloworme shewes the matin
 And gins to pale his vneffectuall fire
 Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember

Ham. O all you host of heauen!
 And shall I couple hell, O fie! ho
 And you my sinewes; grow not in
 But beare me swiftly vp; rememb
 I thou poore Ghost whiles memor
 In this distracted Globe, rememb
 Yea, from the table of my memo
 Ile wipe away all triuiall fond rec
 All saw of Bookes, all formes, all
 That youth and obseruation copp
 And thy commandment all alone
 Within the Booke and volume of
 Vnmixt with baser matter, yes by
 O most pernicious woman.
 O villaine, villaine, smiling damne
 My tables, meet it is I set it down
 That one may smile, and smile, a
 At least I am sure it may be so in
 So Vncle, there you are, now to n
 It is adiew, adiew, remember me.
 I haue sworne't.

Enter Horatio, and

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.

Hora. Heauens secure him.

Ham. So be it.

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy com